

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK, REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 61 No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1928 Price 10 Cents



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LOOKS
AND
LISTENS



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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 9

Last month the torture of a mouse by an Englishman was deemed of enough importance to be discussed in the British parliament. Members wanted to know if sufficient punishment had been inflicted by the court. Imagine this in the Congress of the United States!

Again we must express our wonder that such tremendous importance is given to the sacredness of one amendment to the Constitution of the United States while one or two others touching the vital rights of American citizenship are wholly ignored by Congress, the President, the churches, and the vast body of the nation. Why are we so concerned about the sanctity of the Constitution when it is only a part of it that we deem of enough importance to make it really a national issue?

The editor of the *Salem (Mass.) News*, commenting upon the much advertised cruelty of robbing the dog of his bark, strikes a chord which awakens a response in many of us when he says, "We should be happier if every one of the loud speakers were silenced."

The above recalls Dr. Cadman's answer to the question "Do you believe Balaam's ass spoke?" "Why not," he said, "there are plenty of asses talking now."

A distinguished English scientist says he has evidence from the discovery of certain fossil remains of animals that 600,000 millions ago animals were living and well on along the evolutionary road. Whether the figures should be 600,000 millions or 599,999 millions does not concern us now, though as a rule we insist on accuracy, but we hope animals have not been compelled during all these years to suffer from man's inhumanity. Fortunately the human animal appeared upon the scene much later than these of whom we know only by means of their fossil remains.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

Evolution and S. P. C. A.'s

HOW many of our readers believe we shot off as a branch from the great tree of life from which tree also our neighbors the apes started out on their branch, we have no means of knowing. Of course no one claims that our ancestors were once monkeys. There are too many differences in the cut of the jibs to warrant that assumption. At the same time we are guilty of many things of which the average chimpanzee and orang-outang would be ashamed. As Bernard Shaw makes a famous monkey say, "It will take much more than the grafting of monkey glands into men to make some of them respectable." We do know, however, that one of the serious charges brought against the Christian Church through its long history before science came into any marked conflict with its creeds, has been that it was quite unconcerned about the welfare of the animal world. Even the great-hearted Apostle Paul seems to have thought God didn't care for oxen. He must have skipped, in his reading, some parts of his nation's sacred books. In spite of such notable exceptions as St. Francis of Assisi, and a few others far less widely known, the recognition of animals' rights and their claim upon us for justice and compassion—clear and outspoken utterances upon these subjects—until recently have found little expression from ecclesiastical leaders. The whole race of preachers, as a rule, has followed Paul with great fidelity. It has been chiefly among the unorthodox and the heretics that the friends and champions of animals have been found. Seldom do humane societies receive bequests or even gifts from those firmly wedded to the creeds of the fathers. Perhaps this is quite natural if the faith is held that the church's one and supreme task is to pluck immortal souls here and now as brands from the burning and so save them from the wrath to come, their fate determined this side the grave. A God who can doom to eternal torment a creature for whose coming into the world He, and not the creature, is responsible can scarcely be thought of as bothering Himself very much about the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and horses, mules, dogs and other animals. True, it was once said of Him that he marked a sparrow's

fall, and long before that was said He was criticized by a well-known prophet for being interested in the welfare of "much cattle" in ancient Nineveh.

However this may be, with the development of the doctrine of evolution there has been a striking increase in the recognition of the kinship of all life and the consciousness of our obligation to these creatures who, according to this doctrine, are but our brothers elderborn. The rapid advance in all work for animals and the surprising quickening of the humane idea in all parts of the civilized world during the last half century particularly, we are confident have been due in no small measure to this widely accepted hypothesis.

Do You Want to Help?

WE know of no humane work that has been marked by more amazing progress than that that our Humane Education Society has made possible for Syria. A young man associated with the Near East Relief organization has, during recent years, under our direction and through our contributions, awakened an interest throughout that country that is little less than phenomenal. Mohammedans, Druses, men and children of still other nationalities, soldiers, police officers, school-teachers, even government officials, have been gathered into Bands of Mercy, laws have been secured from the French authorities for the protection of animals, and now the Lebanon Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been formed. Relief work for sick, lame and galled beasts of burden has been begun, and hope for some sort of hospital is even finding expression. We have sent many hundreds of dollars contributed for foreign work into this wide and now most fruitful field where humane education was as little known as regard for the sufferings of animals is in an American slaughter-house.

Here is an opportunity to extend a merciful undertaking, transforming character and bringing daily relief from pain and suffering to thousands of animals. Won't you help us?

The beast of the field shall honour me, because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.
—Isaiah 43:20

What Jack London Club Has Accomplished

HAS CAUSED PUBLIC OPINION TO TURN STRONGLY AGAINST TRAINED ANIMAL ACTS

The Shame of Molley

THEY dressed him up one day,
In baby's bonnet and a little shawl.
To them it was a merry, pleasant game;
To him it was the lowest depth of shame.
He bore it all,
But hurt reproach deep in the brown eyes lay.
They dressed him as a clown—
Wide pantaloons, a foolish frill of white.
The children laughed as he went tumbling
there,
His little anxious face half-veiled in hair.
The footlights bright
Showed the tired paws that pattered up and down.
They taught him how to go
Erect, and how to bow and dance and drill,
He spends his days in practice of his tricks,
When other dogs are fetching far-flung
sticks
On some green hill,
Or digging where the low furze bushes grow.

D. M. LARGE

Rodeo Losing Its Grip

In the following statement recently issued by the Anti-Rodeo League of Chicago and addressed to "voters," it must appear that there is yet a strong and determined element bent on ridding the city and state of a persistent menace:

"The rodeo is an entirely modern production, staged to satiate the appetites of the ignorant, the cruel, and especially appeals to those who possess a vicious instinct. It provides a debasing thrill, such as many of our youthful murderers are seeking in this day and age. We cannot dispute the fact that the rodeo influence is demoralizing, even to the average citizen. For this very good reason, and the cruelty practiced on helpless animals for 'amusement,' we oppose the rodeo. Our opposition to it will never abate until it stands defeated, condemned and completely abolished from the face of all earthly civilization."

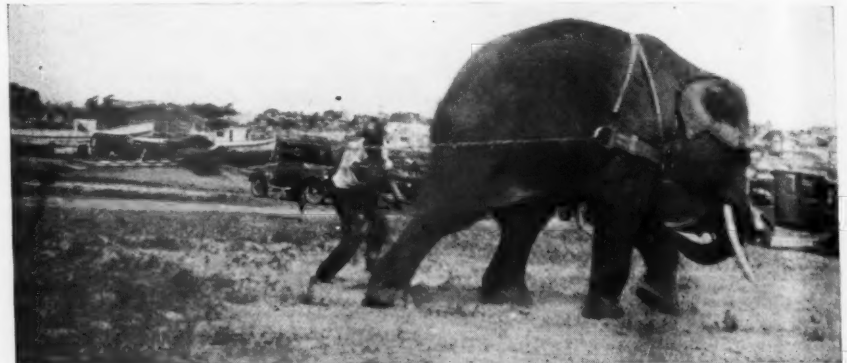
According to press reports, the Chicago Association of Commerce, sponsors of past rodeos in that city, has cancelled their contract with Tex Austin, projector of these pestilential performances. This is to the everlasting credit of the association. Deplorable as it may seem, it is reported that the City Administration will assume this responsibility in the future.

The Jack London Club now has a membership of more than 425,000. It is a humane society with no officers and no dues, started primarily because of disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters, circuses and other places. The cruelties it opposes have been studiously concealed from the eyes of the public, but they are none the less real. Walking out from such performances and refraining from patronizing them has caused them to lose their popularity and to disappear. Have you joined this Club? How many persons are there in your community who favor this proposition?

Slaves of the Circus

HARRY TURNER MARTIN

AS you pass through the circus menagerie and gaze at the long line of elephants in whose extended trunks the children are so joyously depositing peanuts, you are very apt to conclude that here at least is one type of dumb animals that does not suffer from the confinement and hardships of circus life. Indeed, they seem contented and happy—their great bodies swaying to and fro in a kind



GOADED AND TORTURED TO PERFORM THE IMPOSSIBLE—THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT EXERTS HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH IN VAIN TO EXTRICATE A HEAVILY LOADED STAKE WAGON

of dreamy rhythm, their small but intelligent eyes peering almost benevolently on the vast parade of spectators.

But could you visualize these same great creatures either before or after the daily performances, when at least some of their number are transformed from exhibits into genuine beasts of burden, you would view the life of a circus elephant in an entirely different aspect. In many circuses, if not all, the elephant is a slave in all that the term implies. He is forced to accept and perform herculean tasks and is often most cruelly treated. When some job is too big for human hands and beyond the strength of horses, the elephant, tower of strength, is called into service. Because of his enormous physical powers, the circus "roustabout" frequently believes him capable of accomplishing the impossible. If he fails—for even the strongest living thing will sometimes fail—he is abused and loudly accused of loafing on the job.

At the recent appearance of a circus in a western city, elephants were being used in unloading the circus equipment from the trains. One of the largest of the animals, in heavy harness, was drawing an overloaded

stake wagon across a sandy stretch of land from the train to the circus grounds. A husky, unclean roustabout rode on the elephant's head, occasionally goading the animal in the neck with a sharp iron hook. Shortly before the site of the "big top" was reached, the heavy wagon stuck fast in a rut. The elephant strained until his back almost doubled and his tusks ploughed into the ground, but could not budge it. Jumping from the elephant's head, the heartless roustabout, who never should have been put in charge of the

animal by the circus management, ran behind it and began driving the sharp hook into its hind legs.

Just how long this outrage would have continued is problematical, had not two young colored men in a little group of spectators commanded the circus tough to immediately cease torturing the poor beast.

"Reckon that elephant don't know his own powers, or he'd take you in his trunk and break you in two," said one of the colored lads. "But seein' he won't do it, I personally will relieve him of the responsibility if you hit him just once more!"

The roustabout, like most cruel men, was a coward. He did not dare to face even a milder punishment than he had inflicted on the poor dumb creature. Gently taking the elephant by the trunk, he led it some distance to one side, where, with a little coaxing and no hooking, it easily moved the wagon, its force being exerted from a diagonal direction.

So when you pass through the menagerie, don't forget the "dainties" for the elephants. For most of them are slaves of the circus, to whom a little kindness, if only a handful of peanuts, may mean more than you will ever know.

"Animal acts usually are marred by an ever-present consciousness of suppressed fear, a furtive rolling of an eye or a drooping of a tail, betraying the knowledge that the whip in the trainer's hand is not there for mere show purpose. If the ordinary animal act were produced before the motion picture camera which registers every emotion more clearly than the naked eye, the suppressed fear, evidenced by cringing on the part of the dumb actor would never make their pictures popular with the public."

—The Southern Club Woman

The great majority of persons will not long tolerate public cruelties. When people patronize exhibitions of trained animals, they reward by their presence and money the cruelties and torments that trainers have inflicted upon their victims in private. That it is a part of the performance to display kindness to animals, and to have the animals appear to love their masters and trainers is now quite evident to eye-witnesses. This is a business necessity. The Jack London Club has succeeded in eliminating from stage and screen many vicious acts.

"They Know Not What They Do"

JAMES L. EDWARDS

A MOTHER fox, caught in a trap,
Lay in the cold and snow.
Three baby foxes begged her
For the milk that could not flow.

They lapped her bloody fore paws
Where the steel had bitten deep;
She cuddled them, and whimpered,
Until they fell asleep.

Her brave eyes slowly dimming,
She in her fox-way cried,
And as the fierce cold stung her
She dropped her head and died.

Next morning four dead foxes
Lay shrouded by the snow.
Perhaps you wear the mother's fur
As to Christ's church you go.

The Cruelty of Steel Traps

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton relates the following account in his "Wild Life at Home":

A few days ago while walking with a friend in the woods we came on a skunk. My companion shouted to the dog and captured him to save him from a possible disaster, then called to me to keep back and let the skunk run away. But the fearless one in sable and ermine did not run, and I did not keep back, but I walked up very gently. The skunk stood his ground and raised his tail high over his back, the sign of fight. I talked to him, still drawing nearer; then, when only ten feet away, was surprised to see that one of his feet was in a trap and terribly mangled.

I stooped down, saying many pleasant things about my friendliness, etc. The skunk's tail slowly lowered and I came closer up. Still, I did not care to handle the wild and tormented thing on such short acquaintance, so I got a small barrel and quietly placed it over him, then removed the trap and brought him home, where he is now living in peace and comfort.

I mention this to show how gentle and judicious a creature the skunk is when gently and judiciously approached. It is a sad commentary on our modes of dealing with wild life when I add that as afterward appeared this skunk had been struggling in the tortures of that trap for three days and three nights.

No Rabies in Britain

In comparing the treatment of dogs in England and America, Albert Payson Terhune writes this for the *Boston Globe*:

There is no such disease as rabies, nowadays, in Great Britain. Long ago it was stamped out. No longer does it exist there, by quiet common sense and by the simplest scientific precautions it was obliterated. The asinine "mad dog scare" is unknown to the British today. Contrast this with a thousand rabies scares all over this country and the allegedly steady growth of the disease here, and you will begin to understand what I mean when I say the dog has saner, better and wiser treatment there than ever we have given him.

...

Author: "There is only one obstacle in my way to complete success."

Friend: "And what is that?"

Author: "About 200 editors."

The Road, the Toad, and the Machine

DALLAS LORE SHARP

WHEN the slow twilight creeps across the mountain meadows here at Bread Loaf (Vermont) I go up and down the road gathering hop-toads. They come out of the deep, damp grass to the genial highway for its freer hunting, and for its lingering warmth, possibly, only to perish miserably under the wheels of the cars.

This single road up the mountain is my early morning walk. Hedged with service berry, red ripe and sweet now, the roadsides are the breakfast table of the birds. They must come from far back in the forests, more of them in numbers and variety to every rod of the roadside than you would find to the square mile in the denser, remoter woods along the mountain walls. Meadow rue, elder blossom, yellow spires of loose-strife and tall spikes of purple fringed orchid decorate the ferny borders of my path, but down the middle of the road I pick my way among squashed toads. The white-throated sparrow sings, "Terrible! Terrible! Terrible!" and the tall purple orchids are just the color of the purple splotches in the road.

So in the twilight I gather toads that I may walk in dawn in peace. I carry them far back into the fields or fling them gently out into the moss and ferns; but I had as well try to shoo away the mountain butterflies. The appeal of the open road is irresistible. A toad is naturally a domestic animal. But a domestic streak seems to run through most plants and animals. Wherever men pass through the wilds, wherever they stop, a train of shy, wild folk follow and there abide.

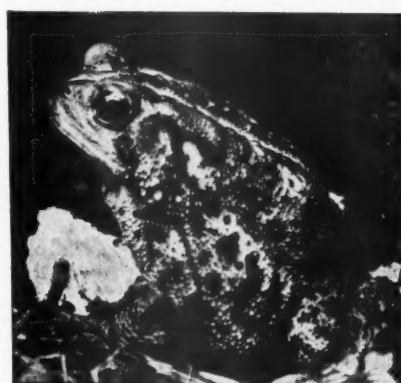
Build a barn and the swallows come; a chimney and the swifts come; a bridge or a pen and the phoebes come. Plant an orchard and a score of birds move in who seem to have been created as truly as apples to go with apple trees. Several of our eastern birds have followed the pioneer across the prairie and settled in the land of their western relatives. So they have even crossed the seas with him. And what they have done, the other wild forms, animals, plants and insects, have also done. His more abundant life begets life more abundantly for every wild thing with which he elects to live in peace.

It is not his presence which disturbs and destroys it; it is his purpose. He seems not only to have been contemplated in the life scheme of things, but even to have been required, his coming into the waste places of the earth an event still waited for.

For sixty choking miles without sighting a house we had been winding among the sagebrush through the Nevada desert, barren butte and rimrock-like iron walls winding with us against the sky. The bitter gray sage was alive, too bitter to die, but except for the sage, we alone seemed to breathe the breath of life, and even our breath was bitter. No sweet valley, no soft shadow of death were here; only endless wastes of it, the hard stony glare of it, far off to the iron walls against the iron sky.

Then suddenly a windmill, green willows, a patch of vivid, all but blinding alfalfa, the roof of a ranch house, a gleam of water, fruit trees, birds a-wing, and, as we lived, a stand or more of bees!

We stopped for the night. Perhaps I shall never realize life so poignantly again, be so consciously, creatively alive within and without; for it was the experience of the life shared



THE GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS AND THE SPEEDING MOTOR ARE FATAL TO FRIENDLY TOADS

with the wild life encamped about that little human oasis which gave me such a sense of living within.

Wild life from all over the desert had gathered about that ranch with its tiny, man-made pond. Magpies, kildeer, horned larks, burrowing owls, and familiar birds of east were there. Jack-rabbits were loping everywhere, so numerous that they had to be kept from the alfalfa by wire fences. A big, flat-bellied badger lay in the mouth of his burrow near the corral, the little mounds and dens of picket-pins and the small ground squirrels were showing everywhere. And all about the pond, and out to the end of the wire fences around the irrigated patches were shrubs and flowers strange to the desert, as strange as the fruit trees clustered about the house. The shapes and sounds and colors of life were concentrated here, a multitude of wild animals and plants sharing with the domesticated animals and plants the unmixed blessing, here in the desert, of the dominion of man.

Such dominion is not an unmixed blessing everywhere, however benevolent the reign. The toads along the mountain road here at Bread Loaf could hardly escape were their splay feet shod with wings. On the motor trip from California to Boston which brought us into the desert ranch just described, we were amazed and undone by the dead upon the road. In California, especially among the rodents, there must have been a death every day for every hundred feet of motor road. The numbers abruptly lessened in Nevada, and from there on East; but we reckoned, after keeping careful count, that there was at least one motor death among the wild birds and animals upon that transcontinental road every day for every one of the more than three thousand miles across.

This is appalling. But not so appalling as the daily toll of human lives per motor mile. Man is no match for his own machines. Much less are the wits and the wings of the wild animals a match for them. Wild eyes will never be able to outstare the glare of approaching headlights. I ran over an owl one night dazed by the light in the middle of the road. An acquaintance of mine recently ran down and killed three full-grown otters in a migrating band that were caught by the fascinating headlights and held in the fatal road.

One of the birds to suffer most on our cross-country motor trip was the red-headed woodpecker. We would see him clinging to a telegraph pole in front of us, and then, as we were about to race past, the silly thing, either alarmed, or curious, or suddenly challenged to a test of speed, would let go, swoop down directly across the road and be caught by the flying car. Neither bird or beast seemed able safely to calculate a rate of speed above twenty-five miles an hour. And yet the farther East we came the more abundant became the bird life and the fewer the highroad deaths. Does it mean that unconsciously our speed slackened? Or does it mean, and I think it does, that the birds are slowly learning caution, and how to match their wings with the wheels of the flying cars?

But my toads! I shall have to keep on picking them up in the twilight, for they are as slow of wit and foot as the children of men.

New Laws in Hawaii

In the report of the Hawaiian Humane Society, just received, it appears that the outstanding accomplishments for 1927 were the success of the legislative program and the establishment of a county and city pound.

It is now prohibited in Hawaii to carry or transport any domestic animal, unprotected, upon the running-board or fenders of any automobile, or to use on the public highways any firearm or other weapon capable of causing death or inflicting serious personal injury, including air-guns or sling-shots.

Humane Education Emphasized

We have received the very attractive, concise report for 1927 of the Hudson County District S. P. C. A. of Jersey City, N. J. In addition to its regular practical work on behalf of animals, this Society is conspicuous for its prominent junior humane department, in which 3,656 children in Hudson County have become affiliated. The Society received more than 3,000 posters in its ninth annual contest. The report of the Society contains considerable reading matter of general interest, in addition to accounts of its own activities.

Injured Dog Visits Doctor

AN interested reader of *Our Dumb Animals*, John J. Shaw, M. D., of Plymouth, Mass., writes us of the following incident which occurred several years ago:

Coming home one day from my round of professional calls, my wife informed me that a large black dog had been lying on the front piazza all the forenoon. Just then my son came in from school. Being like most boys, fond of dogs, he immediately went out to see the visitor. He soon returned and reported that the dog was hurt; so I went out and on examination found a hind leg broken. The dog made no objection to the examination and setting of the broken bone, which must have been more or less painful as was indicated by occasional groans. He seemed to try to accommodate himself to our needs in applying splints and bandages. After we had finished our work he went away (on three legs), but came back the next day with the splints a little out of place. We made the necessary changes, adding surgeons' plaster to insure permanence. On his next call, a few days later, we found everything in place and the leg doing well. We found later that he belonged to a poor colored woman not far away. I have always wondered if he read my sign.

A Good Man

WILLA HOEY

Rain was pouring down as I awakened this morning, and my first thought was, "What a dreary day!" Immediately, I heard a cheery whistle, accompanied by the rattle of garbage cans. The garbage-man was at work. As I listened the thought came to me, "Surely he is a good man," for I well knew the happiness expressed by the whistle came from within.

On going to the window, I observed that his horse, fat and sleek, was protected from the rain by a heavy blanket. When the cans had been placed in the wagon, the horse was given an apple and an encouraging pat on the nose.

My opinion of the man was confirmed, for are we not told, "A good man is merciful to his beast?"

Man Cruel to His Dog Not Christian

TREVOR P. MORDECAI, D.D. in
American Field

SHOW me a man who loves animals and I will show you a man who is not far from the Kingdom of God. That statement is not blasphemous; it is true. The Christian religion includes the animal creation in its great plan of redemption. It makes no difference what creed a man believes or how regularly he attends divine services, or how much he contributes to the benevolent causes of the day; if he is cruel to an animal, then, whatever else he may be, he is not a Christian.

Let me illustrate. Sir George Burns was the founder and owner of the Cunard Steamship Company. He was a religious man with an unlimited faith in prayer. His home was one of the most palatial in Scotland. It was built on a huge crag that jutted out into the sea. Here he entertained men and women of high rank and station, but, however exalted the personage or however honored the guest, all were invited every evening to gather about the family altar.

Sir George owned a collie dog which he loved dearly. The dog was lost and the nobleman mourned him as a man mourns when he has lost his best friend. The most diligent search was made, but in vain, and the grief of the old man was pathetic. When it was announced that the dog could not be found, the great Scotchman bowed himself in the midst of his household and in his prayer he made this petition for his favorite dog: "Oh, Thou who preservest both man and beast, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, we pray that, wherever our old friend and companion may wander, it may please Thee to find him a home among folk by whom he will be well received and kindly treated."

There you see greatness expressing itself in simplicity and interpreting itself in terms of a broad charity, broad enough to include in its wide reaches a petition for the welfare of a favorite dog.

They say a dog has no soul. Well, perhaps not. But who knows? There is something back of those soft, limpid, wondrous, worshipping eyes; and as we gaze into their depths, we see kindness, faithfulness, love, understanding, and these, at least, are soul qualities. If a dog does not possess a soul, then he ought to, that's all.

Where England's Dogs Go

The records of the Dogs' Home, Battersea, seem to show that the general public are becoming a little more careful of their dogs, says the *Animal World* of London. In 1926 the number of dogs received was 35,554; last year the number was 31,054; in 1926, 27,930 dogs were collected from police stations; last year the police sent 24,230 strays. The number of dogs destroyed last year was 18,942. Of the 4,394 stray cats brought to the Home, 234 found new owners.

Since the foundation of the Home in 1860 more than 1,465,000 dogs, besides boarders and dogs quarantined, have received food and shelter at the Home.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



THE BIG GRUENFELD STORE IN BERLIN, GERMANY, PROVIDES DRINKING-PLACES FOR DOGS AS SHOWN HERE

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

BAMBI: A LIFE IN THE WOODS, Felix Salten.

When a well known author of novels, a dramatic critic, a leader in the social and literary life of one of Europe's most cultured cities, chooses a young deer for the hero of his newest book, there must be some great bond between that man and nature, or else the book must be a failure.

"Bambi," by the Viennese Felix Salten, is not going to be a failure. John Galsworthy, and many members of his family read the story in galley proof as they crossed the English channel. Galsworthy, speaking of this in his preface to the American edition of "Bambi," says that this is proof of the interest of the pages held. One does not have to do either of these things, however, to be carried away with the experiences of Bambi, to live his life in the woods, to know his friends—the other animals, to suffer with them when man goes hunting—there is too much to say in so little space.

Read "Bambi," you who love animals, and you who think you do not—for here is love of woods, and deep philosophy written in by a master and carefully translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers, who has caught the spirit of the woods, as Mr. Salten caught it, and transposed it for us through the eyes of a forest deer, and the eyes of his friends, from a swarm of midges in the sunlight to an ancient may-beetle. And best of all the old Stag, unwilling to go until Bambi had learned the lesson all must learn, that there is One who is over us all, man and animal alike.

293 pp., \$2.50. Simon & Schuster, New York.
L. H. G.

"Beautiful Joe" in Spanish

Many of our readers are familiar with the prize story of the American Humane Education Society, "Beautiful Joe," written by Marshall Saunders. This has been translated into Spanish and entitled "Hermoso," and is published in two editions by Casa Bautista de Publicaciones, 800 Myrtle Avenue, El Paso, Texas. The paper bound translation is 25 cents per copy, and the cloth bound book, \$1.00, postage extra.

For Colored Teachers

Two of the representatives of the American Humane Education Society, Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell of Texas and Rev. John W. Lemon of Virginia, assisted at the National Association of Teachers of Colored Schools, held in Charleston, West Virginia, in July. A large quantity of literature supplied by the Society was distributed and greatly appreciated. One of the meetings of the Association was held at the West Virginia State College, where one of the summer schools for the teachers was in session, and a literature booth was maintained there also.

To an Oriole

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunshine with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning towards Heaven until its wish was
heard,

Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT

The spirit of cruelty is the deadliest
enemy to a high civilization.

Educated Horse Baffles Scientist

GEORGE F. PAUL

SCIENTISTS have been investigating the mental processes of "Lady," the remarkable horse owned by Mrs. G. D. Fonda, of Silver Springs, Va., and feel fully convinced that the horse possesses unusual mental gifts. "Lady" is called a mind-reading horse. She answers questions and gives answers to simple problems in arithmetic by touching letters or numbered blocks with her nose. Two investigators from Duke University witnessed her answer in this manner to questions on



"LADY," THE MIND-READING HORSE

various subjects, even when the question was not spoken. They reported that dates on coins could be told and numbers written on a pad could be given with almost perfect precision.

They restricted Mrs. Fonda in different ways, to try to discover possible methods of signaling. She was asked to remain silent and motionless as far as possible, but this did not seem to interfere with the answers that the horse gave. Next she was blindfolded and turned partly from the horse, but still "Lady" succeeded. Even when Mrs. Fonda was entirely out of the tent, some results were achieved, but the colt became unmanageable when she discovered that her mistress was absent.

"The state of the normally active colt, when she was working well," reports one of the investigators, "was markedly passive. She seemed to be almost asleep. Her eyes were half closed and her head lowered. No one could believe that she was on the alert for delicate signals, nor do I think she was. Sometimes she even became too sleepy to move and had to be touched up gently with the whip. The colt is not well broken as yet and seems to be easily affected by the weather.

Results vary, and the owner herself cannot always succeed in getting satisfactory results."

There have been other "thinking" horses, such as "Clever Hans." However, with Clever Hans, it was found that the person asking the question involuntarily gave the horse a clue to the answer. Hans answered mathematical problems by tapping the right number of times with his forefoot. The explanation was this,—the questioner unconsciously leaned forward slightly as he put the question to the horse in order to watch the animal intently, and when the horse had tapped the correct number of times, he unconsciously raised a little, and the horse stopped tapping.

However, in the case of "Lady," some results have been obtained even when the horse could not see the questioner at all. This would make it appear that "Lady" does her thinking for herself.

What's to be Done About It?

MINNIE B. SHAFER

FROM time immemorial the range horses have grazed over the prairies and foothills of southern Colorado. They are picturesque figures, running so free and easy with head erect, following their leader.

Many a time I have enjoyed watching a band of them standing proudly against the skyline at sunset, or trotting easily along toward their water-hole at noontime.

How often one of these, when tamed, has played the heroic part, tirelessly carrying his master mile after mile to the distant town to summon the doctor for a loved one ill in the lonely ranch house at home!

By their help the ranchers have been able to care for the vast herds of cattle. Numerous fiction writers have found among them heroes for their short stories and novels.

Wild and beautiful, proud and glorious creatures are the range horses, lending to the range lands a romantic glamour.

But like a bomb out of a clear sky comes the news that a rendering plant is to be established in La Junta, a town forty-five miles distant from our ranch, and five hundred range horses have already been sold to the operators to be made into soap grease! How revolting! What an ignominious end for these noble dwellers of the plains, often classified as man's best friends.

But, what's to be done about it? It is contended that the land is all needed now for fields and grazing land for cattle, so there is no longer any room on earth for the aborigines, the range horses.

A Hospital for Animals in Crete

The Crete Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made satisfactory progress last year. The local membership is now 209. The old hospital was given up and new premises were rented; 753 animals were attended to. The valuable work which is being done has been acknowledged in an official letter of thanks and congratulations which the Minister of Agriculture in Athens has addressed to the Society. At the time when the late Mrs. Alfred S. Millard decided to enlist aid to inaugurate and maintain a hospital for animals in Canea, it was usual to see horses, mules and donkeys working with large open sores, but this is now exceptional. Mrs. Millard died on June 1 of this year and her husband bespeaks continued support of the Hospital until the Cretans can manage without outside help.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1928

FOR TERMS, see inside front cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

"Cleared of Murder"

FIFTY-SIX years old, weary, worn, broken, a man has recently been released from an English prison after eighteen years of life within its walls. Time at last disclosed his innocence of the crime for which the court had doomed him to these more than 6,000 sad and dreary days and nights. No gift of money can make good that robbery of eighteen years out of his manhood, but England, regretting the miscarriage of justice, does the honorable thing and hands him \$30,000.

This recalls the hanging of William Heilwagner at Rock Island, Ill., in 1882. "Gentlemen," he said—these were his last words—"I am innocent of this crime." Ten years later a wretched man in shame and remorse wrote out the story of his own guilt for the deed for which Heilwagner had been executed, and then jumped to his death from a bridge. Such facts as these are among the arguments advanced against capital punishment.

Two Letters Worth Reading

Mr. Blood, in connection with the Pathfinders' work in schools, received some time ago the following letters from two of the lads who wished to acknowledge the benefits received. They are evidently from real boys:

Dear Mr. Blood:

I am going to tell you what I learned from your lessons. The first thing is I try to be cheerful, kind, courteous, another is, that I learned to have pity on a dog, and cat, or any other animal.

I belong to a gang and all the others have bee-bee guns and will hit the animal just to be cruel. I am the strongest and the best fighter in the gang, so I passed a rule that the first one who shot a bird, cat, dog or any other animal should be kicked twenty-five times. Another rule is that anybody who swears or gets angry should go through the rickets. I kind of think that we will be more careful now.

From very truly yours,

Dear Mr. Blood:

Pathfinder training has done a great deal for me. I act quite a bit better at home than I used to. I don't mind going to the store or any other thing that I am asked to do. It is not so hard for me to take castor oil either. Just the same, I'm not perfect, I'm far from it, but I do act better at home.

Sincerely yours,

Darwinism

You don't have to be an evolutionist to enjoy the following—author unknown:

*Don't be discouraged, poor little fly,
You'll be a chipmunk by and by.*

*And years after, I can see,
You'll be a full grown chimpanzee.*

*Next I see, with prophet's ken,
You'll take your place in the ranks of men.*

*Then, in the great, sweet by-and-by,
We'll be angels, you and I.*

*Why should I sweat you, poor little fly?
Prophetic chum of my home on high.*

That's what Darwin says, not I.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot and Bishop Lawrence on Vivisection

AN interview having been arranged with Bishop Lawrence by Mr. John S. Codman, president of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, relative to a statement made by the Bishop in his "Memoirs of a Happy Life" that experiments on animals, known commonly as vivisection, were "humane and practically universally painless," Dr. Richard C. Cabot, a widely known Boston physician and social worker, writes to Bishop Lawrence a letter from which we quote a part. Dr. Cabot, though stating that he is an "enthusiastic advocate of animal experimentation," says,

"I have been so much in the laboratories where animal experimentation is done, and have read so much of the work going on in the laboratories at a distance from me, that I have come to know how far the current use of animal experimentation by all sorts of people in all sorts of places falls short of the standards set by great and tenderhearted men like Pasteur and Cannon. I know that terrible suffering is not infrequently inflicted under conditions and by persons vastly different from those referred to above. * * * I think it can be stated without possibility of contradiction that *no human being knows today whether such unhumane and dreadfully painful experiments as those just referred to are common or are rare.* I would not for a moment be willing to assert that they are uncommon. * * *

"In view of all this I hope you will be ready to give Mr. Codman a hearing. I have never accepted a statement of Mr. Codman's without verifying it, and I have not found him saying anything that I could not myself verify. I believe, therefore, that he is not only urgent and aggressive in this matter, but conscientious and accurate in the marshalling of facts. I have not wanted to believe all that he has brought before me, but after investigation I have been compelled to do so."

The Bishop, nevertheless, in spite of the interview with Mr. Codman and Dr. Cabot's letter, refused to modify his statement.

Titina, a little dog, a fox terrier we should judge, that was taken along with Nobile to the North Pole, evidently survived the wrecking of the dirigible and the days and nights of hunger and cold, for she appears in several of the photographs since Nobile's return. Whatever the reason of taking her, we question whether any genuine lover of a dog would subject it to such possibly fatal adventures. Nobile undoubtedly anticipated no such disaster.

The Sign of the Band of Mercy

AS most people know, or should know, the sign of the Band of Mercy is a five-pointed star. It is a very ancient symbol. W. W. R. Ball in his *History of Mathematics*, writes of it as follows:

"The Greek sage Pythagoras (about B. C. 580) saw wonderful meanings in numbers and shapes, especially in the starry figure of the five points or pentagram, an order, a balance, a harmony, a beauty. The order of the Society or Brotherhood of Pythagoras used it as a secret sign of the beautiful thing we call friendship. The sick or poor traveler drew the sign of the pentagram on a board and another Pythagorean afterward paid the bill."

Was this the reason why Mr. Angell chose this emblem for the Society which now includes in its membership so many thousands of young people? But beautiful as was the intent of the Pythagoreans so long ago, the intent of the Founder in America of the Bands of Mercy was of much wider scope and was in harmony with that of him "who dared to stand, the friend of every friendless beast."

The high intent of these two great men had brought to them the perception that there is no religion that is more than a name,—no true knowledge of God which does not include interest in, and care for His dear dumb creatures; and nothing but this universal, all-inclusive Friendship can hasten the day when by reason of "the knowledge of the Lord," "they shall no longer hurt nor destroy."

MARY F. LOVELL

Humane Education in R. I.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society in both substance and form indicates a year of progress and fine accomplishment. In its work among teachers and the schools, the holding of junior conferences for the study of humane problems, the wide distribution of literature and the interest aroused in the cause through the use of the radio, the Society achieved a record that gives it a high standing among the organizations of its kind. A familiarity with the many and varied activities of which this report makes mention will be a help and inspiration to others.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.,
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDGAR
LEVINSTEIN, Pres.; Mrs. Wm. J. McDONALD, First
Vice-Pres.; Mrs. E. L. KLAHRE, Second Vice-Pres.;
Mrs. A. J. FURBUSH, Treas.; Miss HELEN W.
POTTER, Rec. Sec.; Miss A. P. EATON, Cor. Sec.;
Mrs. A. P. FISHER, Chair. Work Committee.

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	12,277
Cases investigated	741
Animals examined	4,035
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	18
Horses taken from work	77
Horses humanely put to sleep	38
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,385
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	59,895
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	73

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Miss Mary S. Poland of Springfield, Mrs. Anna M. Lovell of Worcester, Annie Newell Gray of Bernardston, and B. F. Spinney of Lynn.

August 14, 1928

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 674	Cases 2,149
Dogs 491	Dogs 1,770
Cats 168	Cats 345
Horses 10	Birds 26
Birds 4	Goats 3
Fox 1	Monkeys 2
Operations 486	Horse 1
	Rabbit 1
	Rat 1

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 74,176
Free Dispensary Cases 135,928

Total 210,104

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in July

For subjecting two foxes to unnecessary suffering, defendant was fined \$25, suspended for one year.
Cruelly beating a heifer, convicted, one month to House of Correction; sentence suspended one year.
Driving horse unfit for labor, \$10 fine.
Abandoning horse which had fallen through stable floor, \$25 fine.
Sending out galled horse, \$25 fine.
Beating horse, \$25 fine.
Driving galled horse, \$20 fine.
Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon horse, \$25 fine, appealed.
Beating and killing dog with a hoe, \$25 fine and one month to jail; sentence to jail suspended for one year; case appealed to Superior Court.
Beating dog with pitchfork, \$10 fine.
Cruelly transporting cattle, plea of *nolo*, \$10 fine.
Cruelly transporting cattle, convicted, case filed.
For being present at exhibition of fighting birds nine defendants were convicted and fined \$15 each; birds killed by order of Court.

The Free Water Stations

AT the five free horse-watering stations maintained in Boston by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., drivers availed themselves of this service 12,273 times during the month of July for relief for their animals. From these figures it may be seen how inadequate is the water supply for the hard-working animals during the season of greatest need. The lack of drinking troughs and fountains, the use of which was banned some twelve years ago by official decree, has been a source of distress to the work-horse amounting to actual suffering. The Society is only able to partially mitigate the situation through the aid of those who have a humane consideration of the horse at heart.

The Nevins Rest Farm of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is located at Methuen, Mass. Here many work-horses, tired-out and run-down, are rested and reconditioned for service. Others have been retired to spend the remainder of their days in comfort, both summer and winter. A two-weeks' vacation for a horse costs but \$7.00. Many an animal has been restored to health and usefulness by even so short a respite from labor as two weeks.

Real Milk of Human Kindness

MADELEINE DE SOYRES

ONE morning as I was walking along a busy street in the quaint old town of Saint Andrews, in Scotland, I saw something that I shall not forget for a long time. It was a Saturday morning and the roadway was more than usually crowded with traffic of all kinds, from pony-carts and motors to trucks and busses. I was just about to cross the street when a large Ford milk van drove up to the corner where I stood. It was loaded with great milk cans and the driver was evidently on his way back after delivering the morning's supply. He stopped the truck and got down, reaching for a tin measure holding a pint. This he dipped into one of the cans and drew it out dripping with fresh foamy milk. I wondered if he was going to drink it himself, but to my surprise he stepped up on the sidewalk, stooped down and poured the milk into a place where the asphalt had been broken away, leaving a small hollow. The milk almost filled it and before I could ask the man what he was doing, he jumped back on his truck and started off without so much as a glance backwards. As he drove off I turned to look at the milk and saw to my surprise that a large black and white cat had emerged sedately from a nearby yard and was coming towards the hole, where it crouched down and lapped away happily until the milk was almost finished. As I stood watching pussy having a good meal I noticed several people passing and that each one took care not to interrupt the hungry animal but passed on with a smile, as though to say, "What a kindly act! Here's a cat being well looked after!"

I stayed until pussy had finished the milk and was amused to see it yawn with complete satisfaction, arch its back and then walk quietly back into the yard where it apparently lived. That was all. But as I walked on I could not help wondering how many milkmen there are who would be sufficiently fond of animals to leave a cup of milk here and there, wherever a stray cat might be seen. From the way in which this little episode was performed I am quite certain that it was a daily occurrence. There was such a look of expectancy on pussy's face, and the man seemed equally sure that his milk was needed. I know that I felt very happy over the little adventure, and whenever I see a hole in the sidewalk I think of Scotland and a purring black and white cat!

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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Humane Press Bureau
Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

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D. D. Fitch.....British West Indies
Nicasio Zulaica C.....Chile
F. W. Dieterich.....China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder.....Cuba
Anthony Schmidt.....Czecho-Slovakia
Luis Pareja Cornejo.....Ecuador
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J. A. Forbes.....New Zealand
Luther Parker.....Philippine Islands
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Field Workers of the Society

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Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Trust Fund for Retired Workers

THE trust fund being collected by the American Humane Education Society for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education, now amounts to \$1,320. Gifts already received are:

"Humanitarian"	\$1,000
A friend	50
A subscriber	150
A lover of animals	10
Constant reader	100
A friend	10

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for this Fund.

Kindness Centers for Boy Scouts

Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. Plans to Unite Humane and Scout Movements

THE "Kindness Center" is the name given by the Chester County Council. Boy Scouts of America, to the fine large building erected by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (924 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia) as a building for the use of the boys of Pennsylvania wherein they may study animals, birds and living creatures and how best to extend kindness to them and how to prevent cruelty, all of which is a part of the Scout program. A large hall with a stage is provided, where officers and members may give lectures and show pictures teaching the objectives of the Society and for other purposes not inconsistent therewith. There are also two large stone fireplaces, a reading and a writing room, a museum, a large basement room for handicraft and a fine large porch. The whole is certainly in keeping with the Society's broad teaching that "Kindness is more powerful than compulsion."

The building, which cost \$12,000, was dedicated on July 28. Three thousand invitations were sent out. Gilbert McIlvain, the architect, and scoutmaster of Troop 2, Downingtown, handed over the keys to the president of the Chester County Council, Robert W. Wolcott, president of the Lukens Steel Company of Coatesville. The principal address was made by Dr. Jordan, secretary of the state Department of Agriculture who was introduced by J. Gibson McIlvain, president of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. and Boy Scout commissioner for Chester County. The assembled Scouts repeated the oath and the law and concluded the affair with a retreat ceremony. Edward N. Skipper, field secretary of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., will give frequent illustrated nature talks during the season and there will be talks on first aid to animals and kindred topics.

Humane Calendar for 1929

IT seems early to talk about 1929, but so many were disappointed last year in not being able to secure copies of the Humane Calendar that we are making our plans well in advance this season. The new calendar will be one of the handsomest the American Humane Education Society has ever published. The picture, by the well-known Osborne Company, is in four colors, showing a child with three dogs. The leaves of the pad, one for each month, contain the usual valuable humane hints on the care of animals and are especially adapted to school use.

Although extra expense is involved in using the colored picture, the retail price of the 1929 calendar will be the same as in recent years: 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid to any address. Early orders will assure prompt attention. We hope to have the calendars ready for delivery by November 1.

Societies and others who wish a special edition of the calendar, with their own imprint, should send orders immediately, with complete copy plainly written, as it is necessary to know at once how many extra calendars will be needed. Prices, with special printing, are: \$16 for 100; \$30 for 200; \$42 for 300; \$68 for 500; transportation charged extra. No orders for special printing received after October 1. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Value of Pictures in School Work

M. L. HALL

NEARLY every progressive city in the United States is making use of some form of picture study in its public school system," writes Miss Bertha Y. Hebb in City School Leaflet No. 13 issued by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and further writes, "A large supply of pictures is, in fact, indispensable for the adequate teaching of such subjects of the curriculum as nature study, humane education, geography and history."

The imagination of the modern child has become accustomed (in some measure perhaps through moving pictures) to the stimulus of pictures, and as many children coming from both city and country homes have poorly developed imaginations, a picture gives them vision.

Almost all children prefer an illustrated story, and lessons in nature study, humane education, etc., are much more interesting when illustrated by pictures. There are pictures of beautiful horses, dogs and cats and other animals obtainable. Such pictures displayed in the school-room, supplemented with an interesting story or with remarks telling of the usefulness and affection of animals, giving information regarding their care and proper treatment, will arouse interest and make a lasting impression for good on the minds of the pupils reached by them.

The normal child feels the warmth of kinship with all animal life; it is however, the unusual child who understands the needs of even our domestic animals.

In a recent article touching on pictures in the school-room, Ralph Tracy Hale writes: "The most important picture gallery to form correctly is the gallery of memory. For this reason, if for no other, pictures for school-room decoration should be chosen with the utmost attention to their unconscious influence on the children who are to be exposed to them. . . . Children love color and their appetite for it grows by what it is fed on. . . . Science began to produce processes of color reproduction, which in a twinkling gave the necessary realization to the need for color in education."

Do not place pictures of cruelty, or those depicting horrors of war, etc., before children. Such pictures when repeatedly shown tend to make an entirely different impression from the one intended.

One of our leading journalists wrote the following in this connection:

"I am unalterably opposed to that kind of propaganda which seeks to shock children into being good and kind. I think that to place before children for propaganda purposes pictures of cruelty is in every respect abominable, futile and without excuse. It has always seemed to me that lessons of kindness and decency are best taught by exhibiting those things in a normal, natural, and wholesome way."

Teachers and humane workers and those reaching children of all ages and conditions, will find that the children are most attentive when talks are illustrated, and such workers and teachers are advised to take special care in selecting good pictures which are artistically colored, to illustrate their stories and lectures.

NOTE:—Suggestions and lists of pictures suitable for different grades may be found in "City School Leaflet" 13 (price 5 cents, coin) which may be procured by addressing, Sup't of Documents, Washington, D. C.

To a Purple Martin

EUGENE KNIPS

YOU purple pilots of the sky,
With speed so deft and airy!
'Tis folly then to question why
You're like unto a fairy;

On shapely wings the bright sun gleams,
As in the sky still mounting
To reach the very clouds it seems
Where vision fails from counting.

At will, they sail out o'er the lake,
Now, dart along the river,
'Tis naught for them such risk to take
Where tallest aspens quiver.

Like feathered arrows from on high
Though strongest winds are blowing,
They seem to drop from out the sky
When to their houses going.

O! purple pilots of the sky,
With twittering sounds of glee
Each morn I hear them passing by
It seems they're calling me.

Mongrel Dog Repaid Kindness

Dear Friend

For many of the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* I doubt not that the following incident will prove interesting:

During the land boom we were in Florida and there were few houses that could be had at a reasonable rental. We were obliged to take attic rooms to which only an outside stairway led. In the neighborhood there was a mongrel dog for which mother had saved food, putting it in a corner where he habitually went every time he came into the yard. This had been going on for about three months when my father was obliged to stay over night with a friend, who was ill. The only door we had to the attic rooms was a screen one, fastened by a small hook. My mother and I were a little worried upon retiring, but still it was necessary for father to be away. In the morning we woke to find the mongrel dog lying in front of the screen door. Our surprise was more than I can describe. How did he know that father was not with us and that we were a little uneasy? It was more than I could understand. The next night we were alone again and "Dick," the mongrel dog, played sentinel once more. The third night father was home and "Dick" was off duty.

Kindness is the root of all affection, be it to human beings or dumb animals. I am sure that "Dick" was so mindful of our doings, the coming and going of every one of us, only because we had thought of him. He, in his turn, had watched every movement of ours and reasoned out, to the best of his ability, how he could be of service to us. I believe there are many such dumb animals who, if given the opportunity, can show just what they are capable of. Just a bit of kindness, just a bit of food, will make any animal the most steadfast friend. ARAX GULEZIAN

I think I could turn and live with animals,
they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long . . .
Picking out here one that I love, and
now go with him on brotherly terms.

WALT WHITMAN

The Gay Cardinal Grosbeak

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

A FEW years ago, on the thirteenth day of August, I went on a fishing trip to the wing dams of the Mississippi River, a short distance north of the city of La Crosse, Wisconsin. Everywhere, in the lowlands, as we approached the Father of Waters, we found the bright-red cardinal flowers in bloom. The cardinal birds were not to be outdone on that cardinal day, for as I fished I heard a number of them singing and whistling in the woods up and down the river. The birds

ever they are found, they are permanent residents, living there throughout the year. I see them more often in winter than in summer, perhaps because the bare trees make their bright-red suits very conspicuous. In summer they are hidden by the foliage of the trees, and no doubt household cares make them more or less secretive.

Two years ago, when on a nest-hunting expedition along the wooded shores of a neighboring stream, I frightened a large bird from

a bush. The alarm notes of the bird told me the bird was one whose nest I never before had found. I noticed that the bird had a large bill, was tinged with red and had a crest. A cardinal, I exclaimed. Just then, as if to verify my identification of the bird, her mate appeared on the scene. Yes, they were cardinals, for he was gorgeously dressed in bright-red and he had a fine crest. In the bush I found their nest, rather a frail shallow affair made of grass and fine twigs and weeds. In it lay three light greenish-blue eggs with brown spots. Both the nest and eggs are somewhat like those of the rose-breasted grosbeak.



NEST AND EGGS OF THE CARDINAL GROSBEEK

continued singing, too, as long as I was there. With their songs clearly audible, we started for home in the twilight, while everywhere cardinal flowers nodded to us from the deep marsh grass. Though I caught no fish the memory of that day still lingers with me.

Truly, cardinals are among our most beautiful birds with their bright-red suits. Their prominent crests tend to give them distinction, and these birds are usually considered high-bred dignified birds. They are nearly as large as the robin, having large light-red bills. They have black throats and have black on the sides of the head and all about the bill. The females are soberly dressed in olive brightened with red, and they, like the males, have fine crests.

The cardinal is a great songster with an arresting and out-of-the-ordinary song. He, like the brown thrasher, is a grand-opera singer. And like the thrasher this bird apparently likes a prominent perch when singing, for I often see him singing from the tops of very tall trees. Here is how I interpreted the notes of one of these beautiful birds I found in full song the last day of March, one spring: "Whit, whit, whit, whee-u, whit-whee-u! Whit, whit, whit, whee-u, whit-whee-u! Whit, whit, whit, whee-u, whit-whee-u! Whit, whit, whit, whee-u, whit-whee-u!"

The cardinal prefers to live in wooded regions along streams, where the sun is warmest in winter and where the cold winds lose much of their force. It is found in the largest numbers throughout the southern part of the United States. Still, they are now very common in the upper Mississippi Valley. Where-

The Cats of St. Ives

IN no other town of its size in the world are there so many cats as in St. Ives, Cornwall. As soon as the visitor arrives at the station he is surrounded by friendly cats, who rub up against his legs or mew and purr to attract attention.

Hundreds of cats are walking through the streets, sitting on the doorsteps cleaning their faces, or lying curled up in sunny corners of the picturesque old buildings; in fact cats are everywhere.

The explanation of this enormous feline population is to be found in the fact that the inhabitants of St. Ives make their living by fishing, and the most valuable possessions of every family are the nets with which the fish are hauled from the sea. St. Ives is a very old town and there are many houses that have seen five hundred years, or even more. In the rambling dwelling places of the fishermen there are very large numbers of rats. Local tradition says that the rats of St. Ives are the most wily in all the world, and that it is of no use setting traps to catch them. The cats must do it.

During the winter the precious nets are stored in the cellars of the houses. If it were not for the vigilance of the cats there would be very little left of the nets when fishing time came round again, for nothing seems to please a rat more than the gnawing of a net. No wonder that St. Ives is a veritable paradise for pussies. The fisherfolk cannot have too many. —Band of Mercy

The Cat in French Chambers of State

CARLETON CLEVELAND

OF M. Poincaré, the war President of France, a solemn, stern, rigid, grave man, it has been said that he is a great lover of cats. Although not blind to their faults, he takes considerable pleasure in their society and companionship. When a member of the French Cabinet, some years ago, M. Poincaré was the proud possessor of a Siamese cat, which has perpetuated its species, and today M. Poincaré is as fond of his feline friends as ever.

"The cat," he says, "is witty, he has verve, he knows how to do precisely the right thing at precisely the right moment. He is impulsive and facetious and appreciates the value of well-turned pleasantry. He extricates himself from the most difficult situations by a little pirouette. To how many timid and hesitating persons could he give useful lessons! I have never seen him embarrassed. With an astonishing promptitude he chooses instantly between two solutions of a problem, not merely that which is the better from his point of view and in conformity with his interests, but also that which is elegant and gracious."

And M. Poincaré was by no means the only lover of cats in the history of the French Cabinet. One of his early predecessors, Cardinal Richelieu, at the height of his power, sitting at his desk surmounted by piles of documents, disposing of the destinies of nations, with the weight of Europe upon his shoulders, would, we read, have preferred to slash off a portion of his scarlet robe rather than disturb the peaceful slumber of "Racon," or "Moussard-le-Fougueux," or "Soumise," or "Ludovic-le-Cruel," his beloved cats.

That other French power of war time days, M. Clemenceau, is also a lover of cats. It is told of him that once, while attending an important conference in London, he purchased a cat and named it "Prudence."

One may ask, "Why has the cat captured the hearts of millions of people,—those in high places as well as those of low estate?" Today the cat is coming more and more into its own, yet as far back as the human language can be traced one finds an equivalent of the word "cat," indicating that it then existed. In ancient Egypt we find that the cat even at that time was a domesticated animal and without doubt was loved for its gentle cuddling ways, its graceful, playful moods, and its clean habits.



THE RED SQUIRREL OF ALBERTA, CANADA

Brer Fox Seeks Sanctuary

B. F., in *Christian Science Monitor*

THE gate of the paddock on Archibald's place commands a view of the Sussex country, charming as well as extensive. On a certain day in early spring, I stood with Archibald at the gate of the paddock.

It was a scene of refreshing calm to one like myself fresh from the London clamor, and in deep content I gazed at it all, only vaguely conscious that Archibald was telling me something about his poultry. My thoughts were blending with the song birds and my eyes following the flight of the cawing rooks, when Archibald nudged my arm and pointed toward a near-by patch of woodland. Looking where he pointed, I saw a number of horsemen emerging from the wood, two or three in scarlet coats leading. To my ears came faintly the sound of dogs' voices.

"That's the Pudboro Hunt engaged in its strenuous work of protecting my chickens," said Archibald with mild sarcasm.

"You are fond of sport, Archibald," I said, "but you never follow the hounds—why is it?"

"You have answered your own question," he replied.

"You mean—"

"I mean that my ideas of sport do not synchronize with fox hunting."

"Please pardon a non-riding Londoner's ignorance, but if fox hunting isn't sport, what is it?" I asked.

Archibald did not answer at once. His eyes were fixed on the hedge at the bottom of the meadow. Following his gaze, I saw something slowly creeping through the hedge. "Rusty," Archibald's Airedale, standing with us at the gate, saw it too, and made a leap forward, his muscles tense and quivering, but a sharp word of command from his master caused the dog to halt, and it came back and crouched at our feet.

The something struggling through the hedge resolved itself into the slim, reddish form of a dog fox. Slowly it dragged its way up the meadow, making for the gate where we stood. It was gasping and well-nigh spent. Suddenly it caught sight of us, veered to the left and with what seemed to be a despairing effort, crushed its way through the hedge into the barnyard and disappeared in the open door of an outbuilding where the gardener kept his tools.

With a low whistle to Rusty, Archibald ran quickly across the barnyard, closed the door of the tool house and placed the dog on guard.

The intelligent Airedale sniffed at the closed door for a moment, then turned and stood like a statue facing the oncoming hounds and riders who had reached the bottom of the meadow and were making more or less successful efforts to negotiate the hedge.

A stout, red-faced man whose coat matched his complexion, and who was evidently the individual known as the Master of the Hunt, rode forward to where Archibald and I were standing. His face was familiar to me, but for a moment I could not remember his name.

"Ah, Plumpton," he said, addressing Archibald, "I'm sorry we have had to invade your premises, but I fancy our quarry has entered your barnyard."

"Quite right, Colonel Roarington," replied Archibald, "he has taken refuge in my tool house, and I've closed the door on him."

"Good!" exclaimed the Colonel, "we'll have him out in a jiffy. Jolly kind of you to have caged him." He motioned to the huntsman controlling the hounds.

"Just a moment, Colonel," said Archibald, holding up his hand, "I presume you have had a good run?"

"One of the finest runs we've had this season," replied the Colonel, "we found him near Pilker's mill, about fifteen miles back, and he's given us the best cross-country chase I've had for months. He's certainly been a game chap, but we've got him at last."

The other riders, about a score in number of men and women, had by this time drawn up close behind the Colonel. Archibald leaned with his arms upon the gate and gazed up into the face of the Master of the Hunt.

"Don't you think, Colonel," he said quietly, "that since all of you have had such a jolly, good run after such a splendid, game fellow, er—wouldn't it be a trifle more sporting if you allowed him to live, and—er—just called the run finished?"

"Nonsense, Plumpton," replied the Colonel, flushing a trifle redder, "a run is never properly finished without a kill when the fox is within our grasp."

"But in this case it happens that the fox is—er—within my grasp, not yours," said Archibald, still quietly.

"Do you mean to say that you are not going to let us get at him?" asked the Colonel, raising his voice, while a murmur spread among the assembled riders.

"A terrified, exhausted, suffering creature has sought refuge on my property," said Archibald, slowly and incisively. "My tool house has become a place of sanctuary." He pointed to Rusty standing motionless at the door. "A dog not trained in the art of killing for sport is on guard. May I suggest that pity and mercy are not incompatible with true sportsmanship?"

There was an impatient bable of voices from the riders, and Colonel Roarington spoke loudly and irritably: "You forget, Plumpton, that we are doing this for your benefit. Where would your poultry be if we didn't exterminate the foxes?"

"I do not remember that I have asked the protection of the Pudboro Hunt for my poultry," replied Archibald with a slight smile, "but if your organizations exists mainly for chicken preservation, don't you think the results you achieve are a little out of proportion to the strenuous efforts and expense involved, particularly since it is well known that

you raise foxes for the purpose of exterminating them?"

"I'll not argue that point," replied the Colonel impatiently. "We are aware, of course, that you do not follow the hounds, but I am surprised that you should show such fanatical opposition to a time-honored English sport. However, it is plain to be seen that you intend to spoil the finish of our run, so I presume there is nothing more to be said."

"Colonel," replied Archibald, smiling, "when the Pudboro Hunt follows the aniseed bag instead of the fox, I'll join you with pleasure."

"Aniseed bag?" exploded the Colonel, raising his riding-crop in a gesture of despair, "what is England coming to?"

"Her enlightened senses, of course!" replied Archibald, with a chuckle, but the Master of the Hunt shook his head and dashed away to join the others.

Archibald came back to the gate and whistled to Rusty, who left his post at the tool house door and came to us.

"Open the door, old chap," said Archibald to me, "and see what happens." Nothing happened for a few moments after I had opened the door and rejoined Archibald and Rusty at the gate. Then the head of Brer Fox appeared at the open door. Cautiously he surveyed the outside, little by little the rest of his slender body appeared until he stood fully disclosed, his splendid brush drooping behind.

Silently we stood watching him, Rusty quivering with pleased excitement. Then suddenly Brer Fox caught sight of us. For a long moment his gaze fastened upon ours, then he turned and trotted quite leisurely to the corner of the tool house. Here he paused, turned again, and faced us, and it pleased Archibald and me to think that the wave of his brush before he disappeared round the corner was a grateful gesture of thanks for services rendered.

"A few minutes ago," said Archibald thoughtfully, "you asked, 'If fox hunting isn't sport, what is it?' It's a tradition, handed down from generation to generation, and a tradition is something you just accept, you don't argue about it. Just the moment you begin to give serious thought to a tradition, you knock it endways. It becomes either a concrete fact or an egregious fallacy. That's the trouble with Colonel Roarington and the rest of our friends of the Pudboro Hunt. They have never given the tradition of fox hunting as a sport serious thought. When they do (and they will), hunting Brer Fox as a sport will no longer be time-honored."

"But what about your chickens in the meantime?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact, old chap," said Archibald, taking my arm as we strolled toward the house, "my chickens are seldom disturbed by the foxes. There exists no diplomatic treaty between Brer Fox and myself, no Locarno pact; it seems to be just a gentlemen's agreement, pure and simple, unwritten, unspoken. Sometimes I am inclined to think that animals know how to 'play the game' as well as we do. There are, no doubt, quite a number of blots on Brer Fox's escutcheon, but the motto 'Noblesse Oblige' may not be entirely obscured, what?"

FAIR FOR ANIMAL HOSPITAL

The Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will hold its annual Fair at 180 Longwood Avenue, November 15. A general invitation is extended to all friends of animals to participate in this event.

Cruelty to Burros in Hayti

PAUL BROWN

RECENTLY I spent considerable time in the interior of the little known black republic of Hayti, in the West Indies. The inhabitants are all Negroes, descendants of the African slaves who were brought to the country to work the plantations when Hayti was a French colonial possession.

In the interior of the country they have not progressed much from the actual conditions of their ancestors, the African savages. They still live in the most primitive way, with their houses, furniture, utensils, even some of the scanty clothing, made from the products of the jungles in which they live.

Transportation is as primitive as the other things of their lives. When there is a stream or river available, dug-out canoes are used. Usually there is not, however, and the handsome little mouse-colored burro of the tropics is the means of transportation. Nearly all the natives have at least one burro. Some of them have many. They are always used as pack animals, and the load they are expected to carry varies in direct proportion with the amount to be carried. It is piled on the patient little animal's back until he is often completely hidden under his tremendous load.

Pack saddles are as primitive as the rest of the native equipment. They are uncomfortable and when they are used continuously for even as short a period as several days they are sure to cause great sores on the animal's back, sores that must torture him with the most excruciating pain. But nothing is ever done about them. The burro is worked until the task has been completed.

If he should refuse to carry on, he is punished brutally. Rarely is a whip, such as we know, used. A stick, sharpened and then fire hardened, is used as a brad, and the poor creatures are prodded with this, even after their rumps become covered with blood, so they will continue working. In extreme cases their ears are often cut off, and instances have been known where small stones have been dropped into the ear of the animal, so that when the cut sides of the stump grow shut, and completely close the ear, the stone will be enclosed as a constant torture to the beast.

Twice I have met natives from the remote interior driving burros along the mountain trails with but three hoofs, the other having been torn off—possibly cut off—with a grand disregard of the animal's apparent difficulty. The trails are steep and rocky, sufficiently difficult for a burro with four feet. Nevertheless, each had a standard load, and in one instance the native himself was perched on top of the load, riding the poor animal which was already overburdened.

Everything which is to be carried is loaded in the pannier—like pack saddle, called a macoot, which is made of strips of palm leaves, and looks somewhat like the common matting used as a floor covering. Even lime, which is made in the crude kilns of the natives, is so carried, and the dust, sifting onto the sweaty sides of the burros, invariably gives them great lime-burned areas on their sides which fester badly, but the poor burros are still worked.

Many times I have seen small bands of the little burros running wild in the more open bush of the mountain meadows, bands which were undoubtedly composed of stray animals which had escaped from their life of cruel labor. They were as sleek and neat as though they had been groomed every day, and were always fat and in good condition. Given an opportunity, they take excellent care of themselves. They will not drink so much water after a long, hot hike that there is danger of foundering, and when they do drink they do it fastidiously, always going upstream of everything else if possible, so their water will not be sullied or muddy. They eat very little, comparatively, and never get any grain, nothing but cane tops and native grass and the foliage of certain low-growing trees and bushes. We tried to feed oats to a number which we were using as pack animals and they refused them, although they learned to like the grain after a short while. Strangely enough, they are all very fond of molasses, and at one of the sugar mills near Port au Prince, the capital of the country, much is given to them. It appears to be the only food about which they are really enthusiastic.



THE BIGHORN LOVES ITS PRIMITIVE FREEDOM

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Twenty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in July, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 15 were in Virginia; five in Syria; two in Missouri; one each in Georgia, South Carolina and Pennsylvania.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 168,454

A Midsummer Meet

Boys and girls of the Band of Mercy and Scout organizations to the number of about two hundred, and representing several sections of Boston and Brookline, held a parade and union meeting on August 8. Features of this midsummer demonstration included marching with flags, banners and music, declamations, piano and violin solos and dancing. Robert McFarland, district chief, had charge of the meeting. All members were presented with copies of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens, which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl-run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

Little Girl: "When we visited Rhode Island we saw peacocks, pheasants and many other beautiful birds and animals."

Lady: "You visited a menagerie?"

The Girl: "No, these were real."

—*Christian Science Monitor*



A BARROWFUL OF JOY-RIDERS

The Story of a Purple Finch

MARSHALL SAUNDERS

THE article in the November *Our Dumb Animals* on the dancing of herons, I read with pleasure, and also with a guilty feeling that I should oftener share with others the joy I experience in witnessing the antics of birds.

For years, I have lived in intimate association with them, my home being a kind of refuge for sick and distressed feathered creatures. Sometimes they are brought to me, sometimes I rescue them myself. They all have the freedom of a part of the house, and also roomy quarters outside under wire netting.

Wild birds I restore to freedom if they are able to take care of themselves. A little thought will convince one that a wild bird taken suddenly from life in the open and shut up in a tiny cage, loses his spirit—and also, his feathers. He may sing, but birds, like human beings, often sing the sweetest when hearts are sorest. When the plumage gets out of condition it becomes what I call "sawed-off." Examine the wings and tail of a bird for a long time in a cage against his will, and you will find how jagged they are.

A kind-hearted woman bought a robin and took him to the top of a hill. He could not fly and perished. I bought his companion in captivity, nursed her to full strength, and released her on my farm, and I think she was one of the birds who made a nest in the orchard.

The story of the herons' dancing brought to mind the dancing of a dainty purple finch I had some years ago. He had been caged by some fishermen who did not know of the law against the trapping of wild birds. I could have seized him, but I paid for him as I believe in all cases the welfare and happiness of the human being comes before that of the lower creation. They understood when I told them that I held a government permit for the keeping of birds. I was charmed with the delight of the pretty bird in the freedom of the house and roof veranda, and, above all, the abundant bird table. Fortunately there happened to be sojourning with me a hen finch, and the male casting an eye of approval on her dainty form as she fluttered among the small fir trees, soon began to pay court to her. Sidling up to her, he would sing himself into an ecstasy—and what is sweeter than the song of a purple finch?—then, seizing a tiny feather or a twig in his little beak, he would spread his wings till they looked like the skirt of a dancer, and spin to and fro, his nervous claws barely touching the floor.

The hen had just begun to reciprocate, when alas! a flirtatious pine siskin, coveting the dancer, interposed between them, and actually induced the weak-minded finch to take her for his mate. Soon they had a nest of wonderful young hybrids. Hybrids that never saw the light until I broke the shells, for the flirting finch who had her good qualities, with terror, yet resolutely, laid down her life for her unhatched offspring.

Just here, a Smithsonian Institute friend came into the

finch story. He had given me a handsome purple gallinule wafted north on the wings of some tropical gale. The gallinule had been taken to him to stuff, but bethinking himself of my passion for waifs and strays, he made a traveling box with a high chimney for the gallinule's long neck, and brought him to me.

I was delighted with the glossy bird, but he had taken cold on his journey north, and was all doubled up with rheumatism that I blush to say was a cause of merriment to visitors to my aviary, for when he walked, he bent over like an old man. After a time, he recovered, and one day while striding over the trees, came upon the nest where the siskin sat on her eggs. He ordered her away in bird language, and when she refused to budge, he pulled her head off.

Shocked and surprised by this murderous behavior of a hitherto well-behaved gallinule, for I had seen him one day gallantly stepping off a kind of nest he had in the branches, in order to lend it to a robin who wished to lay an egg, I conducted him out-of-doors, and told him to fly down to the meadow by the river where he would find another gallinule I had rescued, and together they could have a pleasant summer, and when autumn came could migrate to the place they came from—Georgia probably.

To return to the finches. Widowed birds do not mourn long, and soon Mr. Finch was happy with his first love, and I think their ultimate fate was release on this same farm with the river, meadow, fields, garden and woods.

So many birds have passed through my hands, and still they come. But the exquisite pleasure of studying bird psychology more than makes up for the labor bestowed.

Would that more of our humane workers would give their attention to the intimate life of our bird friends. We who love them should study them, especially in their own habitat, for we all mourn to see with our own eyes,

"Singing birds sweet,

Offered for sale in Stupidity Street."

A Boy and His Dog

EDGAR A. GUEST in "When Day is Done"

A BOY and his dog make a glorious pair:

No better friendship is found anywhere.

For they talk and they walk and they run and they play,

And they have their deep secrets for many a day;
And that boy has a comrade who thinks and who feels,

Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

He may go where he will and his dog will be there.

May revel in mud and his dog will not care;

Faithful he'll stay for the slightest command

And bark with delight at the touch of his hand;

Oh, he owns a treasure which nobody steals,
Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

No other can lure him away from his side;

He's proof against riches and station and pride;

Fine dress does not charm him, and flattery's breath

Is lost on the dog, for he's faithful to death;

He sees the great soul which the body conceals—

Oh, it's great to be young with a dog at your heels!

A correspondent writes—"To my knowledge, there has not been a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* destroyed during the thirty-four years we have been receiving it. I shall continue to pass it along to help guide and instruct the younger generation in the right way."



MANUEL REACHI AND HIS PROFITABLE GOAT,
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Lambs and Leaps

PAUL J. MCCANN

A FLOCK of sheep with lambs, passing like a billowy wave down a country lane and then, skilfully shepherded by a wonderfully intelligent dog through an open gate into a field, scattering itself with a chorus of "baas," is generally nothing more or less to an onlooker than a confused mass of wool and legs, all alike.

But just lean with us over the gate for a short time and watch the flock dissolving into units. Then, and then only, do differences leap to the eye. How is it possible for the ewes to recognize their own offspring, or vice versa.

There is one old sheep with a voice like a big rattle. "Burr-burr-burr," she croaks, and no wonder her lambs find her easily with a voice like that. These three are the whitest in the flock, in great contrast to the two black ones standing near—the black ones that look up as the others scamper away and then go on with their business.

Lambs appear to recognize their mothers more quickly than their mothers recognize them. The mother of the black ones does not seem to be quite certain that they are hers until she has sniffed them carefully. Probably the sheep, whose horizon is bounded generally by other woolly backs on every side, have to depend more on the sense of smell than of sight for recognition purposes.

It is usually after the lambs have finished their afternoon meal that they become balls of frisking, leaping wool. Look at that one with the black face whose mother has just lain down for a rest. There he goes, jumping backwards and forwards over her back, and she really does make a fine vaulting horse. Then he casts his eye on a mound some distance away, where others of his kind are collecting for a game of "King of the Castle." He gambols over to investigate and joins the others, who all seem to try and stand in one spot which will only hold one at a time. Consequently as many lambs are slipping down the mound as are climbing up on it.

Now, our black-faced friend suddenly begins to jump around with legs stiff as iron bars, and then gallops away. Immediately all the others begin to jump in the same place as he did and then gallop after him. As he stops suddenly—as suddenly as he started—the remainder collide with him and with each other, and the result is a general butting match.

Here comes a stately old matron with her two good little children who look as if they would prefer walking with mama than playing. But the call of youth and high spirits is too much for them at last, and the old sheep continues on her way alone, while her raughty children amble off towards the mound.

But suddenly—surely not—yes, one of the old sheep has so far forgotten herself as to wish to take part in the youngsters' play. She runs awkwardly up the mound, sidles round a bit and then proceeds to beat the lambs at their own jumping game. The lambs stand respectfully aloof, gazing in astonishment at the old sheep whose legs perform queer evolutions in the air. Then, suddenly she remembers where she is and shamefacedly pretends that she has climbed up the mound to admire the view. When she rejoins her old neighbors, the lambs, with looks of reproach, resume their merry gambols.

A Friendly Black Bear

EMEROI STACY

WHEN Mrs. Mary Kincaid of North Vancouver, B. C., discovered a black bear nosing about her ranch, she decided it must be a black bear which the foresters of the near-by forestry department had adopted for a pet. Accordingly she fed the big animal a pan of milk and honey, which Bruin seemed to appreciate heartily. He licked his chops in great satisfaction, and ambled good-naturedly away.

For four successive mornings, he came back for additional feasts. He looked mild and harmless and as placid as a lamb. Mrs. Kincaid began to wonder why the forestry men allowed their pet to wander about in this way, and thought it might be a good plan to call up the forestry department, and notify them of the friendly attentions of their mascot. To her astonishment, she found that the forestry pet was still in the stockade, had never left it, and that her new friend was without doubt an untamed bear. Bruin was still making daily visits to the ranch at the time of this writing.



"I'LL HOLD YOUR PONY"

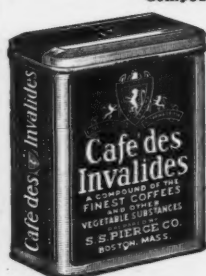
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